

are probably far more familiar wanthe rains of the Rhine than they are with the rains of the Po-

The German costlex may have the adcantage in age and majestic appearance; the guides who leil you about them may charge more for their services and speak paorer English than their Virginia conhonor ranging than their capital con-temporaries, but the rains themselves though the far less interesting to the Amer-can sighteer than those nearer home. One can gain a reasonable and fairly treated idea of the show places of foreign smarries if he will but read what has been

written about them.
It is the domestic article that has estaped attention, and it is only when the foreigner comes among us that we realize the nearness of these points of interest and americal that they have not been thought of

ar appreciated before. A trip down the Potoniac would develop heaven of the show places of Virginia; places worthy of a visit from every Ameri-cun fraveler, and places that have not so for been desponed by the relicionater or appreciated before. or made common by the duity excursion. The traveler may see them without pay-ling an admission fee, and the egg- hell refuse of the paper hag hundron is noncea-

These historic points, so near and yet so far, have been neglected for other reasons than because the general public knows little or nothing of them, except through the dry and approximate medium of State histories, or the text-books of childhood. They are not voiced even by those acquanted with their locality, because of their maccessibility and the length of time necessary to reach them from cen-

HISTORIC OLD WESTMORELAND.

Virginishas given the country on squarter of its Presidents, and one-third of these have come from Westmorehast country. Proteining in spot in all the land is so rich

Protein in spot in all the data is SC can in inflore interest as that shigh country of the Presidential State.

Here were the home not Washington, Monzoe and a branch of the Leefamity, whose name has been identified with national history since the days of the earlies colonies. No more beautiful or instoric house

mes. No more beautiful or majoric today stands tachey in the head than the grand old mansion of the Levs, high up on the banks of the Poromac, Straifeed Hall. To the traveler in search of the historic it would be a verifable find, and even the more onlooker, who travels for nothing but pleasure, could not full but be impressed with its beautiful.

who its beauties.

The basies of Washington and Monrae are like wise righ in colornal interest. Although the houses have long since been rared, and hardly a vestige of their remains, except the foundations, the broad acres over which they presided are still there, and a takes but a better effort of the magination to people them with their bewagged proprietors and surrained them with an air of fee goine days.

of the not give because of its past that It is not alone because of the part state. Westmore-laid county is interesting, although its people and associations of days agone are the magnet which draws the traveler finiter. He will find in the inhabitants of today much that will claim heatterion. Living within a hundred miles of a great city, they have never felt its influence, and the absence of railroads and modern treats of transportation has left them stationary in the onward match of

They sill live in the early days of the cen-ture, and their methods and manuers are those of their fathers. Their lives are bounded by the limits of their possessions,

where the latter was born. His white-washed log cabin stands in what was once the front yard of this colonial manse, and his children play in the shade of the great locust tree whose branches once brusbeit against the windows of the Monroe nursery.

MARKED BY A TREE. The tree is the only mark to indicate where once stood the bouse. The broad, green lawn which swept from the front door to the roadway has given place to a cornlicid. Ten years ago the foundation walls rose three or four feet above the earth and the deep cellar was choked with weeds and tangled undergrowth. But all this has disappeared. The walls have been rared, the cellar filled up with tricks and

and helives withint one hope for the future, that the government will grow generous in providing monuments for its heroes and oventually purchase his farm for the site of one to Monroe.

be foundation can still be seen among th farrows of the newly-plowed ground and for a space of saventy-five feet square to the north of the old locust tree the carth is strewn with broken pieces of brack and its of pottery and old-fashioned china ware

to within a half mile of where the house stred and in that day was a glistening sheet of water several miles in extent. The largest vessels could come to the docus at Stave Landing, but a quarter of a mile away, where now the smallest boats find it difficult to enser. Monroe Bay is but a remnant of what it was in the time of the man whose name it bears and, like the plantarian, his dwindled to but a studow of its former self.

Several rears ago the old Monroe estate was purchased by elly capitalists, who despolled it of the timber and then parcoled out the land to negro farmers. Their

A PRINCELY DOMAIN.

In the days of President Monroe the plan

The squator of the present negro owners in strong contrast with the splendor and domificence which must have reigned in he days of its first owners, when the meling borns announced the approach of be Frederick mail coach, and the Wash-



THE TRIP BY RIVER.

From Washington to the home of the Mon-tons the trip is, to some degree, thresome and uninteresting. It may be made either by rail to Frederick and then across country by buckboard, or the traveler may take a freight steamer down the river. Of the two the latter is preferable, because it is shorter. The traveler leaves the boat at that partirelored, many-gabled summer resort, Co lonal Beach, so different in appearance from its staid, old-fashioned surroundings. The place was named Colonial because of the pre-late was named Colonial because of the surround-ing country. At this season of the year the descried pavillen, abundoned board walk and weather-beaten advertisements an-

neuroling bettiling sales for line, give it a particularly forlorn appearance.

An anient colored man stands on the wharf and importance the occasional visitor. o enter a carryall and be conveyed to his destination without the inconvenience of wet feet and mudeovered trousers. He is a very interesting old man, and as there is no town ordinance fixing the rate of cal-, his customer should always profer a half the amount he asks, which will

be micepted. Stewart is the old man's name, and in sciention to being farmer, backman and political less of his colored brethren, he heals their thoughts heavenward on Sun-days and "gorte" from the pulpit of the ored log church back in the pine swamp. which was on the form which was once

earth, and the old tree, gnarted and twisted stands alone to mark the tarthplace of the man who framed the "Monroe doctrine." Pastor Stewarti sprogressive and he reads the new spapers. He has heard of the Mouroe doctrine and he knows that the man who nce owned his farm is famous and known by many people. When the government purchased Wakefield Stewart realized for the first time the historical importance of his own place. However, a rew acres, hardly more than a hundredth part of the original plantation, but his farm contains the site of the old homestead. He is sorry now that he destroyed the foundation that a few cars of corn might grow in its place,

of one to Mource.

In Steward's rickety old trap the visitor draws up beneath the locust tree and steps out on a horse block, where once silver-buckied gallants handed out their "faire ladyes." The house, which was burned during the civil war or just before, must have been a massive building of the old Southern type. The upper stories were of wood, with foundation and first floor of brick trought from England. Traces of the foundation can still be seen among the

which the plow has turned up.

The house stood facing the south and from the upper windows the broad Potomac could be seen. Manues Bay extends to within a half mile of where the house

eled out the land to negro farmers. Their whitewashed stantic, dot the rich bottom lands that once formed the house lot of the original plantation.

ation included 1.800 acres bordering on the tation included 1,800 acres bordering on the Potomac and extending back into the pine swamps of the interior. The house lotation contained eighty-eightacres, stretching from the front gate down to the toll-gate on the Frederick pike. To the left of the house was the garden, marked by an intent pear tree, which is still bearing, and to the right and slightly in the rear were the servants' quariers, blacksmith shop and other outhouldings. along the river front. The house in which deorge Washington was born stood on a point between two creeks which ran in from the river, and made a long, mirrow penin-sula. The spot was selected with nice dis-crimation, for it commands an excellent view of the river, both north and south and

ending swamp crept close to the house and shat out all but a narrow strip of north-ern sky. The cutire outlook was south and east, where the sun was warm and smaling and the lay glittered at the door the old house and the Maryland loomed hazy in the distance

rects of the old locust tree, and goes swing-ing down across the garden to the pear free, and over the rolling meadows to the place which was once the family buryingground. The negroes say that there is money buried in the garden beneath the old pear tree, and many have been the fruitless efforts to find it.

The old brick well at the back of the

use, which was filled up only a few mmers ago, bus also been the scene of pany explorations for bidden coin, all of which, it is needless to say, have been un-rewarded. Until the recent newspaper talk about the Monroe doctrine and the government purchase of Wakefield but few of the colored people knew of the his-toric interest attached to the locality. There was nothing but a few old bricks scattered about among the furrows and the locust trees to mark the spot where a President was born. The bricks will be there until the relic banters carry them away, and the old tree will stand stiff and firm against the storm, while Pastor Stew-art will live in hope and wait for a gener-

government to reward him WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE. Mount Vernon has become so associated with the name of Washington that Wake-field, the place of his birth, has been push-

ed almost entirely into the background.

lic, and in a majority of the histories of the Father of His Country it has merely been referred to as the place of his birth and where he passed the earlier years of his life.

where he passed the earlier years of his life.

Like many of the old Virginia names, that of Washeried is not of a town, but an estate. Some chromiclers have given it the importance that is its due and devoted pages to descriptions of the old Potomic home and the early life of Gen. Washington, In later years, however, Mount Vernon has claimed the attention of the historians, and visitors to the tomb, when they asked where Washington was born,

torms, and visitors to the tomb, when they asked where Washington was born, have usually received the answer. "Oh, down the raver somewhere."

The government also has slighted Wakefield in favor of its more fautous rival, and it was only in late years that official recognition was accorded it and steps taken to mark the sout. to mark the spot.

Like all the old-time Virginia estates, wakefield has been divided and subdivided among heirs until it is but a remnant of its former greatness, and the larger portion has passed into the hands of strangers.

ADJOINED THE LEE PLACE. The original plantation by between the Mource estate, on the north, and Stratford Hall, the densesse of the Lees, on the south. It extended for back into the comtry, and came down from the hills through the pine swamps to the dark, rich lowland

A mile to the north of where the house

pose of constructing a suitable wharf and pose of constructing a status what the landing place at Wakefield, Var. but the present structure gives no evidence of lax-ing cost that sam, not, in fact, half of it. It was to this whorf that the monument was

It is much shorter, and one avoids the back breaking roads of the land journey. To the visitor the country about Wakefield at this season of the year presents a particularly monotonous aspect. The departing winter has left behind it a country without the

lightest bit of color to relieve the eye. Everything is brown, brown, brown. The fields, the trees, the grass, the birds, the very sky and air seem to take on the same stonous tint. The people are brown

They live brown, look brown and cat brown food. They wear brown clothes, brown hats and beards, their complexions are brown, and they chew great quantities of

sweet brown tobacco. Their very conver-

sation is brown with the sameness of thought, action and surroundings. They are very hospitable, kind-hearted,

obliging, courteous people, and will go out of their way to accommodate you.

of their way to accommodate you.

Their lives are so quiet and uneventful
that they welcome the sight of a stranger
and will go to any reasonable length in
order that they may enjoy his society and
learn of the doings of the outside world.
In a country where a man's nearest neighbor lives two miles away, and the paper
comes sometimes once a week, where

strange faces are at a premium, and the secrets of every household are as an open book, it is not strange that men grow to know each other and grow tired.

OLD WASHINGTON GRAVES.

In a plowed field beside the road from the wharf to Wakefield are the graves of two members of the Washington family.

The gray, moss-carered headstones he crambling among the furrows, and were it

not for the fact that two tall trees stand guard, over these descrated graves they would have long since been plowed over and objiterated. Time and the moss have al-

there, and the year, cut roughly at the head of the stone, is 1690. The inscription states that John died in his tenth year in the month of January. He was probably named after the brother of Capt. Lawrence Wash-

after the brother of Capt. Lawrence Washington, who came to this country about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The second stone contains the simple statement that "Here lies the body of James Augustine Washington of Pope's Creek, Va., who died in 1729." Then follows a long list of the people to whom the dead man was related and the names of places some of which he probably owned, but the sand has done its work too well, and they are almost undecipherable.

and they are almost undecipherable.

The road from the wharf to "the birthplace," as the natives call it, was purchased by the government from Mr. John
E. Wilson, the present owner of that part

removed the inscriptions, and on stone is haif covered with earth and grass, Enough can be deciphered, however, to show that John Washington, edies son of Capt. Lawrence Washington, was buried

of the original plantation, together with several acres surrounding the site of the monument. The road is fifty feet wide and a mile and a haif long, and the entire amount of land is but miseren acres, yet the government paid Mr. Wisson \$35,000 for it, and now that gentleman can sit on the front porch of his square white house that stands back from the road, and watch the crecion of the monument as he smiles

the crecion of the monument as he smiles and jingles the coin in his pocket. The guide who took The Times man from the wharf to Wakefield house was evidently very much areaid of Mr. Wilson. evidently very much afraid of Mr. Wilson. Notwithstanding there were immercusshort, cuts across the gentleman's land, which would have materially lessened the distance, the intive kept to the road, with the remark that "Kurnul Wilson was mighty unsartin," and it was best to keep on government property.

The first sight of the spot where the house stood is rather discouraging. There does not seem to be much of interest, and the place is dittered with stones and rubbish and the tools of the workmen

and the place is ditered with stones and rubbish and the tools of the workmen engaged in erecting the monument. The site is on the exact spot where the house once stood, and in digging the work-men have laid bare the walls of the old

men have laid bare the walls of the old foundation. The thin English brick crop out from the red clay sail, and the "oyster sheil" mortar still clings to them.

In those days houses were built to stand, and the mortar was made of the very best material. This section of Virginia is dotted with the ruins of houses which have homed or been forn down, leaving the old brick chamers and foundation walls still tracker. The bricks are in errifect condi-

brick chimicss and foundation whose sub-standing. The bricks are in perfect condi-tion, and could be used again in building were it not for the nortar which change to them and cannot be removed without destroying the brick. Several piles of destroying the foundation of the monument, are scattered about over the hadd on which the house stood. An error is to be made to preserve them from the relic hunters, and the watchman will be placed in charge when the work is com-pleted to receive strict instruction to allow no one to carry a brick away.

OLD HOUSE WAS BURNED. Like the Monroe house, the house of Washington was burned many years ago. but a general idea of its appearance can but a general loca of its appearance can be obtained from the people living there-aliout, who have talked of it with their fathers and their father's fathers. The house evidently faced south, with its side loward the river, and the winding driveway from the county pike swept around

family, and the house esme to him by her-itage. He lives there with his wife, and divides his time between farming and med-icine. Stratford Hall is back from the river icine. Stratford Hall is back from the river about two miles, and is a good twenty-mile drive from Colonial Beach. At this season of the year it is a particularly difficult place to reach, and only he who has the temerity to undertake a twenty-mile drive over Virginia winter roads may see it. Leaving asile the question of roads, the drive is an interesting one. The roads are dotted with deep mud holes and choked with tree stumps. The driver guides his scraggy brown ponies so they will pass on alther side of them, but not withstanding his care, a wheel occasionally sloughs down is care, a wheel occasionally sloughs down

ins care, a wheel occasionally sloughs down into the mud or grazes the trees.

It may take a little longer in the end to reach a given point, but what is time in a country where there is not a watch or clock, except in the houses of the "quality?"

When they come to an obstacle they drive around it. If a mud hole forms in the new rade part, they merely how the beautiful to the country of the c made path they merely turn the horse's bead a little farther and drive around that also. The negro cabins are full of children and yellow dogs, and both rish cagerly to the roadside at the sight of a

trange face, and watch the buckboard un-

if it disappears in the distance. Cattle and logs run wild in the road-way, and when they become too numerous the driver gets down with his whip and drives them into the underbrush so that his horses may pass. Meetings on these roads are few, but if it is "cote day" at Montrose, and you are fortunate, you may rome across Kurnul Barker on his way to "'tend cote." He is the old Virginia genterm cote. He is the did virginia gen-terman with flowing white heard and whisk-ers, broad-brimmed soft felt hat and low-cut waistcoat. He greets you with a pleas-ant "Howdy, suh," and one's hand goes as instinctively to one's hat as though greet-

ing a lady.

As the visitor approaches Stratford Hall the country becomes higher and more open.
The pines and gums slip back from the roadside and the swamps give way to rolling apland, crossed by well-lended feders and with walte, green-shattered farm houses showing up in the distance. The country tooks less poverty-stricken and one seems a breathe freer as though emerging from afinement.

At Stratford Corners the road branches of the left and winds over the down ward the river. It approaches the in the rear, and h first climpse through the trees shows the talk vanied chimneys of the old manor house. At the gate which opens from the main road into the private AN ANCIENT INTERIOR.

Between the deep window sentitle walls are lined with fiearly bluck wains oling to the height of a man's warst, and the paneling reaches from there up to the ceiling. Befind it, in the recesses of the thick walls, is the priceless treasure of the old house-rows upon tows of dust-covered books in heavy, old-fastioned bindings, fine the stelves. They form what is perhaps the oldest ilbrary in the United States, and are aimset beyond value. The visitor may feast his eyes, but he must not handle them. The first Lees eagerly acquired ally observed.

- T. The Stratford House. the edge of the knoll, gianced down at the

waters of Pope's Creek and drew up before the doorway on the other side of the circle. In what must have been the front yard there still stands the rotting stump of an ancient oak, which waved before the doorway and shaded the front of the house from the summer sun. Wele parches, supported on foundations of briefs, energied the house and reached almost to the pines that fringe the edge

of the knoll, where it drops off into the creek. Here the dwellers at Wakefield home could sit and look out under the high branches of the pines at the broad Potomae, sweep-ing down to the hay, and the bine hills of view of the river, both north and south and a vista in between the hills shows the rolling upland to the west. Bridge's Creek, on the north, and Pope's Creek, on the south, wind and twine their glustening lengths viicre the view is grander and dong the meadows and almost shut in the snore twelve miles away. At this pothe river bends to the right and outs a great gash from the Virginia side, and then turns again to its natural course toward the south and east. Situated in the heart of the stood is the long wharf, built a few years ago by the government, but for just what purpose no one scens to know. The wharf is 300 yards long, and the rows of iron bend. Wakefield bouse stood out in tal view of passing vessels, and the ortlook from the upper windows over the water was uninterrupted to the spot twenty miles piles stand as straight and firm as the day they were sunk. The wooden flooring, however, has begin to show evidences of neglect, and is fast rotting away. It is said that \$30,000 was appropriated for the pur-

away, where sky and river met.

To the rear of the house the ground sloped antil it met the waters of Pope's creek. which sent a small offshoot up that war. There could not have been room for many authoridings here, and the numerous quar-ers and offices which surround every old ters and offices which surround every old Southern mansion were probably situated to the north and west, in what is now Mr. Wilson's cornfield. The majority of the cultivated land of the plant tion lay in that direction, and on the road from the wharf to the house there are several an-cient buildings which look as though they might have done duty as overseers' cot-tages during the days of the oin house, but of course they are of a much later time. It was to this wharf that the monument was brought from the navy yard, and then dragged for a mile and a half across the meadows to its site.

If the sightseer visits Wakefield by way of the water he most either walk the dis-tance or make arrangements to have a team in waiting. From Colonial Beach, the nearest stopping place of the river steamers, the trip is made easiest and best by beat, this reach shorter and one avoids the back-

f course they are of a much later time. During the work of excavating for the monument several interesting reless have been amearthed. One workman lifted out a shovelful of earth with a large pewter span adhering to a piece of brick. Another ound a small silver pitcher which, from the design and warkmanship, must have been made many years ago. A fong bar of iron was brought up a few days ago. It was twisted and blackened by the fire which destroyed the house over 105 years ago, and covered with rust. It was evi-tently a girder in the framework of the house and when the coating of rust and earth was scraped away it was found to be

as strong and firm as ever.

If it be true that men partake of their environment and are influenced by their surroundings it is easy to account for the noble traits of character and true highaindedness of the race of Lee.

FAMILY OF LEE.

From Col. Richard Lec. who immigrated o this country in 1641, to Gen. Robert E. to this country in 1641, to Gen. Robert E.
Lee, the gallant soldier, there were six
generations. Every man who bore the
name did something for his country, and
their praises have been sung in song and
story and in histories of the nation.
Richard, Lee, jr., second son of the
immigrant, was the founder of "the Stratford line of Lees." He was born in 1647
and died in 1714.
Thomas Lee, his fifth son, and the great-

Thomas Lee, his fifth son, and the greatgrandfather, in the maternal line, of Gen. Robert E. Lee, built the historic seat known as Stratford Hall. He named it after his English estate of Stratford and it was here that Gen. Lee was born and his great randfather died in 1750.

Thomas Lee was the first governor of Virginia, and was President and commander in-chief of the colony when amounted to that office by the king. His commission reached Stratford three days after his death, so he never took the oath of office. The original Stratford Hall was destroyed by fire about 1720, and the present house was built some time between the years 1720 and 1735, but the exact date is unknown. It is said that Queen Caroline, hearing that Thomas Lee's house had been burned, sent him a present which enabled him to rebuild it. Every brick in the structure was brought from England, and today it stands as firm and solid as ever, compilies at tribute to bones workmanship. magnificent tribute to honest workmanship It is a beautiful old house, and there are

few more magnificent country-seats in Virginia today. It stands imposingly on the hills above the Potomac, in the lower part of Westmoreland county, about seven miles from Montrose Court House. Dr. R. H. Stuart, a polished gentleman of the old school, is its present occupant, and he has made an effort to furnish the interior after the manner of his forefathers. Dr. Stuart is a direct descendant of the Lee

driveway there is a sign which says, "No admittance to picnic parties and sight-seeing (ramps." It was placed facer by Dr. Smart because the place was overcan with excursion parties in the summer time, who wanted to see the house and came at all times of day and night.

A COURTEOUS HOST. Dr. Smart, bowever, is always glad to see his friends, and the stranger who asks

civilly for the privilege of going over the old manse will find him a very pleasant gentleman, willing to extend a warm wel-

haps a quarter of a mile long, and an excel-ent view of the rear of the house may be

At the northwest corner of the house is the square brick, dairy, built on the some plan us the main house. To the fight, as you face it, is the laundry, with the remnants of a wise brick walk twisting away between the trees to the spring-house in a little valley 300 yards away. At the back of the house the kitcher flanks one corner, and the office of the overseer the house servants' quarters and the great stables, with accommodations for over a hypotret horse, stretch away in a long handred horses, stretch away in a long

trick row. At the right of the house, be-tween the laundry and the kitchen, are four great beech trees. Their branches tower high above the chimney tops and sweep across the shingles in the winter winds. Their very presence bespeaks a time of long ago, and their mess-grown tranks, covered with the initials of many an old Virginia name, vie in giving an appearances of ancient respectability to the place, with the pictures of sober, carnest booking men beginning with ago and looking men, bedimmed with age, and darkening in their massive gift frames, which hang on the walls inside. To the east, the woods, which come up from the lanfts along the river bank, press close against the wall of the garden, and a

AN ANCIENT INTERIOR.



Lying on the Leaves-Neglected.

btained as it is approached. It is a splendid old mausion, and its squareness of out-line and solidity of construction are more apparent on closer view. It stands out so apparent on closer two. It is also and the strong and boldly against the sky and the trees beyond; its architecture is so simple, almost homely, and its appearance so straightforward and upright, that you unconsciously put it down at first glance as n honest old house, where honest, straight forward, upright people have lived, who did not have a skeleton locked in the closet or a slack horse in the stable.

It is not full of corners and unexpected turns, like the modern villa, and there is nothing crooked about it. It is set squarely on its foundation, the broad, heavy wings flanked by outhouses, and the corners are sharp and clear and truthful looking. With such a birthplace no man could help but be noble, patriotic, cultured and high-

There was a time when a solid brick wall surrounded the garden and entire house lot, and when one stops to realize that every brick in it crossed the sea before being placed brick in iterossel the sea between the in position, it is seen that the expense must have been considerable. A row of white patings now mark the dividing line between the cultivated fields and the front lawn and where the iron gate breaks in the tall and where the fron gate breaks in the tor-stone hitching posts still stand. A wide, brick-lined driveway circled about the house and at the family entrance on the side there still remains the crumbling stepping stone, on which many generations of Lees have descended from their coach and four. The bricks around the driveway still crop The bricks around the driveway said con-bour of the carriage road and brick foot-paths are yet visible. In the yard lies a solidiron shotthat was hurled from a cannon on board a British warship that safled up the river many years ago. The pickani-nies play with it now, and they tether

view one of the most interesting sights about the old place. Here, on a little knoll, topped with pine trees, shut in by the bushes and clocked with briars and weeds, is the burial place of Thomas Lee, first governor of Virginia, and his wife Hannah. But a small part of the old brick vault remains, and that is half filled with earth and rubbish. Lying on the kaives beside it is the headstone, neglected, once marked the grave of Gen. Robert E Lee's great-grandfather. Some colored boy has set a rabbit trap against the bead

thick tangle of undergrowth hides from

horses to it in the springtime, when the grass is young and sweet.

At the right of the driveway as you enter the house lot is the kitchen, also built of brick. It is one of the flanking outbuildings, and was placed away from the house probably because that source of comfort, the black cook, had so many satellites revolving around her, and drawing sustenance, light and warmth from her center, that it was absolutely necessary to give her elllow room. The kitchen does duty now as a woodhouse, and the chickens crawl in and roost where juicy steaks and hot combread once held sway.

The main bouse is built in the shape of the letter H and the heavy square wings are connected by a wide, almost square, hall, which does not come out as far as the building line. There are no front steps, and from the appearance of the house at the present day, never were. Those who came to make a visit necessaria. to it in the springtime, when the from the appearance of the house at the present day, never were. Those who came to make a visit ascended by the straight, severe-booking stairs shown in the picture, and entered the broad hall with its vanited ceiling and dark-paneled walls. The great, warm-looking fireplace blocks the further end, and wide, double doors open into the passage ways between the chimneys which connect with the compact has when connect with the rooms in the wings. Then connect with the rooms in the wings. There are eight chimneys in the bouse, and they are built slanting so that they come together in two grehed groups of four each at the roof.

The first floor is flush with the ground The first toor is reash wan the ground and contains the same number of rooms as the floor above. The rooms were used for nilscellaneous purposes connected with the outdoor life of the people of the Hall. There was a saddle room and a harness room and a low-celled room where the does were kept in the winter time. Everyone of the eighteen large rooms in the bouse had to eighteen large rooms in the house has it open fireplace, and in the impority of then open frequency and in the majority of them there still remain the great, heavily-carved fron fire-dogs.

An effort has been made to furnish the house as nearly as possible in the old-fashioned way. There are large four-post bedsteads in every sleeping room, and tall, hardwood "dressers," with shining brass knobs, and deficately-carved, slender spindle legs, for which a collector of antiquity would pay a small fortune. In the ballway the heavy oak floor is as smooth and even as the day it was put down, and nfiney a dashing gallant has led his stately Phyllis through the formal figures of the Virginia field over its polished surface. A square, heavily-made oak table stands in the conter covered with oid fashioned glass dishestilled with wax flewers and placed on fuzzy many colored woolen mats, in precise array.

An Ancient internior. here still remain the great, heavily-carved

Rush Eagerly to the Hoadside.

of the stone, and a dead have bee built crushed beneath the corner. The deep cut queerly marked inscription on the done is still legible, and reads as follows:

Here lies Buried The Hone COL THO LEE Who dyed Nov 14th 1750,

Aged 60 Years And his beloved Wife M: HANNAH LEE She departed this Life

Jannuary 25 1749-50 Their Monument is Erected. In the Lower Church of Washington Parish In this County 5 Miles above Their Country sent

STRATFORD HALL. That is all that tells of Thomas Lex and his wife Hannah and although their me mo-ment still stands in Washington Parish their touth is crambling away and the headstone which marked their graves is

forst his eyes, but he must not handle them. The first Lees eagerly acquired all volumes perfaining to their adopted country, and the shefters are rich in early histories. They thumbed the pages of "The iceneral Historie of Virginia," Furchas, His Fit grimanes" and "The True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia." All the rooms on this floor are large, high crited and well lighted. There are ancient erg shaped brans robs on the doors with punderors holts and fastenings. A winding stairway leads to the theor above and out on to the separe patitions built between the chinners. There is a the eye can see and off over the rolling pine-the country to the south and west.

At the northwest corner of the house is the square brick, dairy, built on the same now used as a rabbit frag.
The old place is full of these sof evidences of neglect. The state is ermshing to pieces and part of it has been palled down to make way for a modern, impainted pine com-house. The dairy is windowiess and miled

with tay. Chickers roam about through the lower part of the house and many of the roams are shut up and deserted. Fig. and Mrs. Stuart love the old place. he and are state as the company of the expense of keeping it in repair. The house their is still well preserved and will wither and range a long winter, although the moid is creeping up on the walls of the first story and the grass is speculing between the briefs, which line the driveway. The visitor turns his back on it and drives away with a sign of regret and at the turn in the road you in-stinctively walk the horses and look back. through the trees for a last glimpse of the red glazed brick and towering chimneys of Stratford Hall, the home of the Lees

TONGUE GOT HIM IN TROUBLE.

Bank Burglar Attempts a Job on a Cold Night and Meets Disaster

Ft. Beuten (Men.) Cov. of Phila, Times. During the severely cost weather in anuary just past Tip Burbank, a netorious obber, was captured in the following ngular manner.

singular manner.

Tip went out alone one neght to make a raid on the First National Brank of the place. His plan was to enter through a window at the rear of the building to make his way through the means and offices back, finally working his way to the down of course, but Tip would make short work of this with the first part of the window of course, but Tip would make short work of this with his fifes and wrew dow, or course, but Tip would hinke short work of this with his files and strew drivers had not Jack Frost played a hand in the game. The night was an intensely cold one, and the streets were like glass, a heavy snow two weeks previous having melicet as it fell and then frost over smooth and hard. While Tip was filing the first bar of the grating his foot slipped, throwing him forward violently against the whidow, As lack would have it, the fall jerked his mouth open, forcing his togget between his tips, fairly freezing it to the troit bars.

All efforts to release himself were in vain, as nothing short of palling his togget out by the results would have effected this, and be could not bring himself to do it. A night watchman making his rounds found him a half hour later aimost dead with oold. Tip is alive and safety housed in juil now, but his longue will never war again. It is completely and hopelessly paralyzed.

BALLADE OF THE \$4,000 BED.

BALLADE OF THE \$4,000 BED.

(Written for the Times.)

The Astors, Shounes and Vanderbilts we is
it as aid, among the first to take up the di
vided hed in both vide town and country
houses. All mail the grand divided bed!

Its praises shout unto the sky.

The couch of wood must hang its heid,
No weathly swell will cast his eve
On it, but spread his wings and fly
its dream beneath the flowered quits.

That grace the bed adopted by
The Astors, Shoanes and Vanderbilts.

The glery of the cot has fled.

No more its bosoni will untie
Day's weary snots when day has sped.
For him who populed meads would strutte the grim meagante spry
That on his moenfil nose tip tilts.
He'll mean. "This is enough to try
The Astors, Sleanes and Vanderhitts."

The folding bed is flown and dead.
The occupant no more will cry
For help when by it, be it said.
He's banged and flattened like a pic,
I no his line brass nest he'll like.
That still more bright the gas begits
Than gold for which most ghadly vie
The Astors, Shounes and Vanderbilts.

ENVOL Upon the high-priced bed, oh, fir The rose of peace that never wills. Makes rosy beds where seldom fir The Astors, Shoanes and Vanderbilts



Looked Back for a Last Glimpse,